A Description of LOVE.

With certaine { *Epigrams.* *Elegies.* and *Sonnets.*

AND

Also Mast. IOHNSONS Answere to Master WITHERS.

With the Crie of *Ludgate*, and the SONG of the *Begger*.

The fifth Edition.

LONDON
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BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

The Author to the Booke.

IT is no little Cottage that containes.
Wild wandring youth, or giddy headed brains?
Their ſoft downe beds at home or daintie fare.
Contents them not, they loue the open Ayre:
They among themſelues expoſtulating, ſay,
Shall we like Snailes, liue in our ſhels? Away,
To Sea for ſhame, to Ship, lets goe aboord,
And ſee what other Countries can affoord:
But being pincht with cold, or parcht with heat,
Ready to die with thirſt, or ſtarue for meat,
When they grow leane and lowſie, tatterd, torne,
When they be curbd, mockt, ſcoft, contemnd,
Seeing their folly, then they ſigh & cry (forlorne
Oh what a happy thing it is to die!
Euen ſo my gadding Muſe, and running braine,
Not witting what it was to paſſe the Maine,
In a mad humor once, or merry fit,
Would needs goe wander without feare or wit:
But being toſt in the tempeſtuous Seas,
Hauing no friend, no comfort, reſt or eaſe,

She vow'd if e're shee set a foote on shore,
Ne're to see Sea, or once take shipping more,
Like a drownd Mouse at last to land shee got,
And being wounded, weake, and full of shot,
Crept in a corner choosing there to lie,
(Rather then once peepe out of doore) and die.
But yet, alas, within a yeere or twaine,
Newes came, my Muse must to the Sea againe:
Shee being full of griefe, and quite dismaid,
Flies vnto me, and cries to me for aid;
But all in vaine for succour did shee craue,
I could not helpe her: then selfe doe, selfe haue.
I told her plaine my minde, what I thought best
To arme her selfe and goe, sinee shee was prest.
So to the Sea the second time shee went,
Against all wind and weather being bent.
Let Critickes crake and crow, let Roysters raile:
No storme (said she) shall make me now strike saile
A little wetting shall not make me shrinke:
Ile hoyst vp saile, though I be sure to sinke.
Then to her tacklings did shee stoutly stand
The second voyage, till shee came to land.
Good gentle Sirs, let me now beg this boone,
That for me repasse the Seas, as shee hath done:
The Seas are dangerous, and the Ocean rough,
And sinee that shee hath service done enough,
Now let her rest: seeke not her heare to breake;
She's weather-beaten, old, and springs a leake.

The

The Pitcher, be it framed ne're so strong,
Comes broken home, going to water long.
Now let her rest, give her a little breath,
Presse her no more lest shee be prest to death.
But shee's bound the fourth time to the Seas;
Shee must not lie at harbour or at ease;
I cannot for my life her voyage stay:
Shee's bound, and being bound, shee must obey.
Farewell, deare Muse, I thought ere this to see,
Thee wearie of the World, or that of thee.

To the Booke.

MY little ship doth on the Ocean fleet,
That euery circumspecting eye may see:
Now in her iourney leſt ſhe chance to faile,
Let Printers pray ſhe may haue happy ſaile.

To the Reader.

SOme men ther be that praiſe whats good they heare
And ſome there are that carpe what ere it be:
Some men in Zoilus ghoſt will ſoone appeare,
And ſome with Ariſtippus flattery.
But carpe at what you can, diſpraiſe, back-bite,
Ile neuer hide my Poems from the light.

To the enuious Reader.

PAle faced Enuy aimes at greateſt men,
And by her nature euer ſeekes to clime;
If it be ſo, ſurely ſhe will not then
Looke downe ſo low as for to view my Rime:
But if againſt her nature ſhe will ſee't,
Her, face to face, my verſe ſhall dare to meet.

A De-

A Deſcription of Love.

NE're toucht my lips the *Heliconian* Well,
Mine eies ne're gaz'd vpon *Parnaſſus* hil,
My tongue did neuer ancient Stories tel:
My hand did neuer hold a curious quill.
Yet write I muſt, but if I barren be,
And ſhew no wit, Ile ſhew my induſtry.

Where is that mortall man that can define,
The thing cald loue, which all the gods do honor?
Her greatneſſe goes beyond the wit of mine,
I goe beyond my wits to thinke vpon her:
The more I think what this ſame loue ſhould be
The leſſe I doe conceiue what thing is ſhe.

A taske moſt weightie doe I vndergoe,
By vndertaking for to ſpeake of Loue,
Whoſe bare deſcription I did neuer know,
Whoſe definition poſe the gods aboue: (blind
Shes deafe yet heares, ſhes dumb yet ſpeaks, ſhe
Yet *Ianus* like, ſhe ſeeth before, behind.

Lik

Like vnto Summers graſſe ſhee's freſh and greene,
She adornes the body, as the flowers the field,
She in a Begger liue, as in a Queene,
She conquers *Mars*, and yet to *Mars* ſheel yeeld;
She's white, ſhe's red, ſhe's yellow as the gold,
She's euer liuing, yet is neuer old.

Inuiſible ſhe is, yet her we ſee,
oth heauen and earth this goddeſſe doth inherit,
She's fleſh, ſhe's bloud, ſhe's bone as well as we,
et can ſhe nothing doe but with a ſpirit;
She is a ponderous feather, witte folly,
A quicke thing ſlow, a merry melancholy.

eel ſoone be angry, Sheel be pleaſd affoone,
alicious neſſe ne'r harbours in her minde.
e's hot i'the morning, but ſhe's cold ere noone;
e's rough, ſhe's calm, ſhe's hoggiſh yet ſhes kind,
Sheel ſing, ſheel ſob, ſo that the curious fiction
ay terme and call her, a contradiction.

e is a reſtleſſe reſt, a ferment cold,
wholeſome poyſon, ſhe's a painfull pleaſure,
xceeding ſhamefaſt, ſhee's exceeding bold;
e's bitter hony, ſhee's a gaineleſſe treaſure,
hee's too too looſe, ye too too faſt a knot;
She is a helliſh Heauen, what is ſhe not?

She

She made *Leander* paſſe the raging Seas,
His louing *Hero* that he might enioy;
Faire *Helena* did *Paris* better pleaſe,
Then all his kinsfolks, or the wealth in *Troy*:
She's ſuch a thing that we ſo much reſpect.
That we our friends forget, our ſelues neglect.

Our natiue Country doe we quite forſake,
Our prudent parents will we diſobey,
Through deſart places iournies doe we make,
And ſo become ſome lurking Lions prey;
Nay more then this, down quick to hel wee go,
As *Orpheus* did, if loue would haue it ſo.

Whilſt on the key-cold earth our loue doth lie,
The ground ſends forth a comfortable heat,
Forgetting of her owne propriety, (ſeat
The ſtones ſeemes ſoft whilſt loue makes them he
Down on the downs whilſt Louers lie togethe
The down ſeems down, and euery ſtone a fethe

Who her enioyes, enioyes all earthly pleaſure,
Who her enioyes, can feele no cold nor heat,
Who her enioyes, enioyes a world of treaſure,
Who her enioyes, enioyes his drinke, his meat:
Shee's hony ſweet, her ſelfe not mixt with gall,
Who her enioyes, enioyeth all in all.

But if the goddeſſe Loue ſhould changed be,
And not perpetually abide the ſame;
She headlong fals into extremitie,
She takes vpon her then another name:
Her white is blacke, her ſmilings changed are,
She is a fury growne which once was faire.

Her golden haires are turnd to ſlimy ſnakes,
Her eyes like fire, her touch doth poyſon ſpit;
Moſt grim and dreadfully her head ſhe ſhakes,
Which on her ſhoulders once did finely ſit.
Her pretty liſping tongue, & wanton ſpeeches,
Are turnd to yelling, howling, and to ſcreeches.

Se whom the gods did loue to look vpon,
Makes *Pluto* quiuer at her odious ſight.
Who was a Mate moſt meete for *Loue* alone,
Now become a Fiend of darkſome night;
Who once was louely and in rich eſtate,
Is wretched, hurtfull, and is turnd to hate.

Her youthfull Youths will not ſo often knocke,
And beate their tender fiſts againſt the doore,
Ruſt and canker now conſumes the lock,
Want of vſe which ſhind with vſe before.
She keeps her home, and lurking there doth lie,
In holes and corners free from company.

Speake

Speake what shee will, she may, there's none that
Let her bite, back-bite, slander or reuile, (heares:
Weep whilst shes wearie, none respects her teares,
We know they come but from a Crocodile
We know her arts, her cunning, charmes & skil
Who can seeme kind to those she meanes to kil

Then why for *Rosa* should I carke and care?
Why for my *Rosa* should I sorrow feele,
Being shees false, as much as shee is faire?
What once lay at my heart, lies at my heele:
For why, a foole I should accounted be,
To die for her that scornes to liue with me.

Farewell, my *Rosa*, fickle as the wind,
Yet read these verses which I make of you,
Scan them vpon your fingers, and youle find,
That euery staffe and line of these be true:
Then since that you and I are now apart,
My verses feet be truer then thy heart.

Curst be that beautie which was once my blisse,
Curst be those twinkling star-like eyes of thine,
Curst be those lips which gaue me kisse for kisse,
Curst be the tong which told me thou wert min-
Curst be those armes which once did holde me
And ten times curst be what ere thou hast. (fai
Now

Now to ſome vncouth deſart will I goe,
There will I lay me downe in melancholy,
Where croaking toades lie throtling out my woe
Or where ſome ſnakes lye hiſſing at my folly:
There will I lay me downe, there will I ſtay,
And neuer turne, vntill I turne to clay.

But ſoft what ſlumber hath mine eyes oppreſt,
What idle fantaſies diſturbe my braines,
What is it makes me raile amidſt my reſt,
In ſlumber ſweet, what makes me talke of paines?
Pardon ſweet Loue, on me compaſſion take,
For this I dreaming or in paſſion ſpake.

The *Heliotropium* makes no ſhew at night,
The proudeſt *Peacocke* hath no pleaſing crie,
The glittering Sunne reſerues his totall light.
Though miſty clouds may keepe it from our eye:
Pardon ſweet Loue, once more I pardon aske,
Faire is not foule, although ſhe weares a maske.

He ſometimes feeles the pricks that puls the Roſe
Who hony takes, may ſometimes touch the ſting,
The faireſt flowers may offend the noſe,
Death may be neere although the Swan doth ſing
Cheeks from ſuch cheeks, & frowns from ſuch a face,
Sweet Ione, I like, ſo I may thee imbrace.

Then

Then promiſe me I may enioy thy ſight,
And faithfully thy word and promiſe keepe,
Leſt I lie rumbling all the irkeſome night,
Telling the tedious minutes wanting ſleepe.
For when ones loue doth ſtay a while away,
Each minute ſeemes an houre, each houre a day.

Seeing.

What if I walke moſt richly through the towne,
What if I be adord like *Mahomet*,
What if I take my reſt on beds of downe,
What if I doe enioy whole Kingdomes? yet
All this is nought, vnleſſe my *Roſa* be
In preſence to behold my braueric.

Hearing.

What if the beſt Muſitians that be,
Take in their hand a ſeuerall inſtrument,
And play to me the ſweeteſt harmony,
That euer was? yet were it no content;
The ſweeteſt tunes ſeeme harſh vnto mine eare,
Vnleſſe my *Roſa* be in place to heare.

Smelling.

What if my skin ſhould be by nature ſweet
Like *Alexanders*; what if by perfumes (ſtreet,
Each man ſhould ſmell me paſſing through the
What if my ſmell make ſweet il-ſmelling roomes?
Theſe ſmels, theſe odors little will content me,
Vnleſſe my *Roſa* be in place to ſent me.

Taſting

A Description of Loue.

Tasting.

What if my table be most richly spread
With the best iunkets can be made for men,
If Nectar be my drinke, if that my bread
Be of the purest Manchet made, what then?
All these delights will not my palate please,
Lesse my *Rosa* be in place to taste of these.

Feeling.

What if the faireſt Damsels in the Land
With soft silke skin and Alablaster white,
Should all at once before me [illegible]stand
To touch? they neither please my touch or sight:
Rosa is she, like whom there is none such,
She is my eye, eare, smell, my taste my touch:

All the Senses.

Her voyce is pleasant musicke to the eare,
Her lookes doe like our sight exceeding well;
Feed on her lips, she is the daintiest cheare,
Mongst all perfumes she is the sweeteſt smell:
Our hot desire her water onely quenches,
She is the touch, the very sense of Senses.

She is the Starre by which the Shipmen sayle,
She is the hatches, she wherein they reſt,
She is the wind which makes the prosperous gale,
She is the haven, she which pleaseth best,
She is the Dolphin which *Arion* did
Preserue from danger, whilst he plaid and rid.

Then be my Pilot to direct my Ship,
Be thou the onely houſe where I may dwell,
Be thou the onely cup to touch my lip,
Be thou my heauen, and I ſhall feele no hell:
Be thou my winde, in ſpite of *Æolus*;
My iourney then muſt needs be proſperous.

Now what is Loue, or what may we it call,
Tell me, O thou that trieſt? I doe beſeech
You ſee, that onely ſhee's the ſenſes all;
I thinke ſhee's alſo all the parts of Speech:
To call her firſt a Noune, I thinke it good,
What can be felt, ſeene, heard, or vnderſtood.

Noune.

She is a *Noune*, and a *Noune ſubſtantiue*,
And by that name I may her rightly call,
Who ſtands her ſelfe, vnleſſe another ſtriue
To fling her downe, and force her for to fall:
An *Adiectiue* ſhe may be alſo ſaid,
Who ſometime doth require anothers aid.

But of *Nouns ſubſtantiues* there are two ſorts,
Some Nounes are proper, others common be,
The beſt of all Gramarians reports;
If it be ſo, yet both of theſe is ſhe:
She's proper, ſmall, and of but ſlender bone,
She's doubtfull, common yet to moe then one.

A Pronoune.

She is a *Pronoune*, like vnto a *Nounе*:
A *Pronoune* now ſhe may be called well,
For ſhe, what ere is done throughout the towne
To euery one that comes, will ſhew and tell;
She buſie is, like Poets that be verſing
She doth delight in ſhewing and rehearſing.

A Verbe.

She's a *Verbe Actiue*, for if any wooe,
And aske her if ſhe loues, ſhe'l ſay, I doe;
She is a *Paſſiue* too, for ſhe'l ſit ſtill,
And ſuffer any man to haue his will:
But yet to her I ne'r will be a Suter,
She's *Actiue, Paſſiue*, but to me a *Neuter*.

Participle.

She is a *Participle* too, I know,
For ſhe hath two ſtrings euer to her bow;
She is a *Nouне*, a *Verbe*, yet ſometimes neither:
She ſometimes onely takes but part of either:
Foure kindes of *Participles* now there be,
But ſhe is of the *Preterтenſe* with me.

An Aduerbe.

Aduerbs of diuers kinds we know there be,
An *Aduerbe* then of any kinde is ſhe,
Sometime ſhe is of place, for here and there,
Nay looke for her, you'l find her any where;
She's any *Aduerbe*; if you would know why,
She'l wiſh, ſhe'l ſweare, flatter, affirme, deny.

A Coniunction.

's a *Coniunction coplatiue*, for either
cloſe as wax ſhe ioyneth things together,
a *Diſiunctiue*, for ſhe'l ſtir vp ſtrife,
auing a naughty tongue) twixt man and wife:
Shee is a thing that's fit for any function;
Shees any thing, therefore any *Coniunction*.

A Propoſition.

is a part of ſpeech commonly ſet
fore all other parts of ſpeeches; yet
is part of ſpeech, we very often finde
yond, beſide, nigh, through, about, behinde,
ſhe is a *Propoſition* likewiſe ſeene,
Within, without, againſt, beneath, betweene.

An Interiection.

nce ſhe is any thing, we laſt of all,
y rightly her an *Interiection* call;
metimes ſhes curſt, ſometimes exceeding kind,
oubled with diuers paſſions of the mind;
Of maruelling, ſhe's often, as *Pape*,
Sometimes of laughing too, as *Ha, ha, he*.

you moſt braue coniuring Seminaries,
ad and attend my wofull wooing ſtory:
e beades, make croſſes, ſay your *Aue Maries*,
d pray I may be out of Purgatorie:
For if Ime not in Purgatorie here,
le not beleeue theirs any any where.

Epigrammes.

To the courteous Reader.

THese Epigrams I made ſeuen yeeres agoe,
Before I rime or reaſon ſcarce did know:
Condemne me not for making theſe, alas,
It was not I, I am not as I was.

Of a Legacie not an Ambaſſadour.

As twas my fortune by a wood to ride,
I ſaw two men, their armes behinde them tide:
The one lamenting there what did befall,
Cride I'me vndone, my wife and children all:
The other hearing him, alowd did cry,
Vndoe me then, let me no longer lie:
But to be plaine, the men which there I found,
Were both vndone indeed, yet both faſt bound.

To the Barber.

Tonsorius onely liues by cutting haire,
And yet he brags, that Kings to him sit bare;
Me thinkes he should not brag and boast of it,
For he must stand to Beggers while they sit.

He tastes of his bitten nailes.

Philomathes once studying to indite,
Nibbled his fingers, and his nailes did bite:
By this I know not what he did intend,
Vnlesse his wit lay at his fingers end.

Of one subiect to his wife.

Noctimagus walking in the euening sad,
Met with a Spirit; whether it was good or bad
He did not know: yet courage he did take,
And to the wandring spirit thus he spake;
If good thou bee'st, thou'lt hurt no silly men,
If thou beest bad, thou'st cause to loue me then;
For I thy Kinsman am, my wife's so euill,
That I am sure I married with the diuell.

Of Nature.

Nature did well in giuing poore men wit,
That fooles well monified, may pay for it.

To Lawyers.

To goe to law, I haue no maw,
Although my ſute be ſure;
For I ſhall lacke ſutes to my backe,
Ere I my ſute procure.

Demoſthenes his imperfection.

Demoſthenes both learning had and wit,
As wee may gather by the bookes hee writ:
Then blame him not hauing ſo much to vtter,
If that his tongue did trip, or he did ſtutter,

Of a Tabacconiſt.

If mans fleſh be like ſwines, as it is ſaid,
The Metamorphoſis is ſooner made;
Then full-faced *Gnatho* no Tabacco take,
Smoaking your corps, leaſt bacon you doe make.

Of a drunkard.

Cinna one time moſt wonderfully ſwore,
That whilſt he breathed, he would drink no more:
But ſince I know his meaning, for I thinke
He ment, he would not breath whilſt he did drink

Of Flatterers.

Whilſt on the *Heliotropium Sol* doth ſhine,
Her clos'd and twiſted ſelfe it doth untwine,
But when from her bright *Phœbus* takes his ligh
She ſhuts againe as ſcornefull to the night.
Whilſt on me *Phœbus* ſunſhine ſhewes his face,
Each man with open armes will me imbrace.
But when the Sunne of fortune 'gins to ſet,
They clutch their owne, hauing no more to g

Of a proud man.

Sylla would take the vpper hand of mee,
Saying he was a better man then I;
I knew my ſelfe his better for to be,
But yet the wall I gaue him willingly.
The wall he tooke, and take it euer ſhall,
For ſtill the weakeſt goeth to the wall,

The vnconſtancie of a woman.

A woman may be faire, and yet her minde,
Is as vnconſtant as the wauering wind.
Venus her ſelfe is faire, ſhe ſhineth farre
Yet ſhee's a Planet, and no fixed ſtarre.

Epigrammes.

The pride of Bassa.

If it be true as ancient Authors write,
That Blackamores do paint their Diuels white.
Then why doth *Bassa* bragge that shee is faire,
When such as shee most like the Diuels are?

Of the Phisicians of our time.

Twixt former times and ours there is great ods,
For they held men that were Physicians gods,
O what a happie age liue we in then,
That haue such gods, before that they bee men

Poore mens happinesse.

Fortune doth fauour poore men most of all,
They hope to rise: but rich men feare to fall.

To a Shoomaker.

Coriat shooes, and Shirt did neuer shift
In his last voyage, would you know his drift?
It was because he scornd, that any one
Should say, he was a shifting Companion.

To a bald man.

Calum to combe his head doth take no care:
For why, there breeds no nits where growes no (hai

Of the same man.

Haire on my head I neuer slumber shall,
Nor *Calus* his, for he had none at all.

To the Fowler.

As *Anceps* walked with his Peece to shoote,
Vpon a Toad by chance he set his foote,
With that he strait-way started backe and said.
It was the fowlest Creature that was made,
But say he what he will, I thinke not so,
For he himselfe a *Fowler* was I know.

Of a Stammerer.

Balbus, with other men would angrie be
Because they could not speake so well as he.
For others spak but with their mouth, he knowes
But *Balbus* speaks both through the mouth & nose

Let no day passe without learning somewhat.

By euer learning, Solon waxed old,
For time he knew, was better farre then gold,
Fortune would giue him gold, which would decay
But fortune cannot giue him yesterday.

No

No truth in Wine.

Truth is in wine, but none can finde it there,
For in your Tauerne, men will lie and ſweare.

Of a Painter.

Priſcus is excellent in making faces,
For he his eies, his noſe, his mouth diſplaces:
Since he hath skill in making theſe alone,
I wonder much he mendeth not his owne.

Of a forſworne maide.

Roſa being falſe and periur'd, once a friend
Bid me contented be, and marke her end.
But yet I eare not, let my friend goe fiddle,
And let him marke her end. Ile marke her midd

The vnconſtancie of times.

Thoſe men that trauell all the world about,
Doe goe to finde the rareſt faſhions out,
For all the neweſt faſhions that we weare,
We haue beyond Sea: They there faſhions here:
But now the world of faſhions ſeemeth drie,
We looke to finde them in the ſtarry skie.
For if you looke it now this faſhion's new,
To weare a ſtarre on a Polony ſhoo.

Epigrammes.

Of a Flatterer.

The Dogge will euer barke before he bite,
The Theefe will bid you ſtand, before hee'le fight,
Each lurking beaſt, with ſome ſowre vilage will
Shew you a former ſigne of following ill:
But *Marcus* yet is ten times worſe then theſe,
Whoſe heart is killing when his words do pleaſe

Of a Courtier.

Man's but a worme, the wiſeſt ſort doth ſay,
Yet *Clim* the Courtier goes in fine array,
So that if man's a worme till he's deceaſt,
He meanes to be a Silke-worme at the leaſt.

Of the death of Achilles.

Achilles heart no wound would hurt his minde
No chance could fright, as we in ſtorie finde:
But yet he died when he did *Paris* feele;
Surely I thinke his heart was in his heele.

Of

Epigrams.

Of a Boaſter.

When fooliſh *Icarus* like a bird would flie,
With waxed wings he did aſcend on hie;
But when that *Phœbus* ſaw his proud intent,
Him head-long downe into the Sea he ſent.
Then *Icarus* cried, O that I had my wiſh,
I would not be a bird but be a fiſh.

The pride of Women.

Why women weare a Fall, I doe not know,
Vnleſſe it onely be to make a ſhew;
It's true indeed, to pride they're giuen all:
And pride, the Prouerbe ſaies, muſt haue a fall.

Of one without Teeth.

To *Fuſca* beefe and bacon's very loathſome,
Chickens and Pigeons are not very toothſome;
No maruell though if then ſhee cannot eate,
She hath no teeth, and they are toothſome meat

Of a ſtubburne Woman.

My wife, while ſhee doth liue, her Will will tak
For when ſhee dying is, no Will muſt make:
But if ſhe'le promiſe quickly for to die,
Ile grant her will, her life time willingly.

Epigrammes.

Of faiſe accuſers or backbiters.

hen *Cedrus* catches fleas, what ere he ailes,
kills them with his teeth, not with his nailes;
ying, that man by man might blameleſſe goe,
euery one would vſe back-biters ſo.

Of maſter Leech who rawne away.

illar of the Church ſome *Leech* doe call,
ſuch as he are Catterpillars all;
fled to Rome, there's roome for ſuch as her,
loue his roome, but not his company.

The countenance deſcries the minde.

Phœbus good and bad doth ſee his ſigne,
ſe is bad; for ſhe when *Sol* doth ſhine,
h weare a maske, leſt to the pearing Sunne,
countenance ſhould tell what ſhe hath done.

An

Epigrams.

An answer to Momus.

Whilst I, as I was wont, went neate and fine,
Momus me *delicatulum* did call:
This was the answere which I made to him,
Take you but halfe the word, and Ile take all.

Of the Authors education.

The Citie *London* to me life did giue,
And *Westminster* did teach me how to liue:
To whether place I doe most dutie owe,
Good Readers tell mee, for I hardly know.

Know thy selfe, that is, bee not proude.

Walking and meeting one not long agoe;
I ask'd who twas: he said, he did not know:
I said, I know thee. So said he, I you:
But he that knowes himselfe I neuer knew.

Trust not too much to thy beautie.

When *Bassa* walkes abroad, she paints her face,
And then she would be seene in euery place:
For then your Gallants, who so ere they are,
Vnder a colour will account her faire.

Epigrammes.

Of a Leane man.

When first of all I *Macilent* did see,
An vgly spirit, I thought him for to be;
But since I know the cause he look'd so grim,
Had hardly flesh enough to couer him.

Of an Vsurer.

Griper more money got then he could spend,
By money which to others he did lend,
Say what he will, he was no gainer yet,
But he a Loser was, which so did get:
To get by cooz'ning, was his whole pretence,
By getting so, he lost his conscience.

Of the same.

Much golp you Griper gather and corrade,
By lending out to vse, a damned trade;
But whilst of gold you are a Hell-u-o,
Much to the Diuell, much to Hell you owe.

Of a great gormondising belly.

Boster did seeme to me want his eyes,
For he could neither see his legs nor thighes;
But yet it was not so, he had his sight,
Only his belly hanged in his light.

Of a Page.

Sextus in old apparell still doth goe,
Yet all his sute is new from top to toe:
It is no maruell though, if this be true,
His masters old apparell makes him new.

Of a pratler hauing no teeth.

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordaine,
The nimble frisking tongue for to containe:
No maruell then since that the hedge is out,
If *Fuscus* tongue walketh so fast about.

Necessitie hath no law.

Clerus did beate his Cooke, and gan to sweare,
Because his meate was rotten rosted there:
Peace good sir, quoth the Cooke, need hath no law,
This rotten rosted cause twas rotten raw.

145

Epigrams.

Of one without eares.

Thraſo vpon a pillar loſt his eare,
And euer ſince he hid that place with hare;
Now leſt thou *Thraſo*, or his friend would be,
Cut off your lockes, that we your eares may ſee.

The Penurie of Irus.

Irus vſing to lie vpon the ground,
On morning vnder him a feather found;
Haue I all night here laine ſo hard (quoth he)
Hauing but one poore feather vnder me?
I wonder much then how they take their eaſ
That night by night, lie on a bed of theſe.

Of an ill wife.

Priſcus was weeping when his wife did die,
Yet he was then in better caſe then I:
I ſhould be merry, and ſhould thinke to thriue
Had I but his dead wife for mine aliue.

Epigrams.

A darke sentence or a riddle.

Sextus once was opening of a nut.
With a sharpe knife his finger deepely cut:
What signe is this quoth he can any tell?
A signe quoth one, you haue cut your finger well.
Not so saith he, for now my finger's sore;
And I am sure that it was well before.

Of the pouertie of Codrus.

Codrus did serue a multitude with meate:
But he himselfe had nothing for to eate:
Some men may thinke this frolicke misery;
A miserable liberality.
Vermin did feede on him when he perhaps
Did either feede on nothing, or on scraps.

Of a couetous man.

Crœsus is rich and gallant, faire and fat,
Codrus, thou art but poore and what to that?
When he is dead, tell Crœsus this from me:
The wormes will feed on him, then will on thee.

Epigrams.

Of a great drinker.

Bid *Gnatho* heare a Sermon, then heele ſay,
Hees adrie fellow that doth preach to day;
But hees a drier fellow ſure, I thinke,
That ner has from his noſe a pot of drinke.

Of the ſame.

Gnatho did ſweare that he would drinke no mo
Flinging the beere away, cauſe it ran low,
Nay faith, ſaies one, it is a ſinne to ſpilt,
For that is noble beere, that runs at Tilt.

Of chaſt Love.

Many accuſe me, cauſe I could doe nothing,
Many accuſe me, cauſe I was a ſlow thing;
But ſoft my Maſters, I was politicke:
For had not I beene ſlow, ſhe had beene quicke.

To a Cuckold

Cornutus calld his Wife, both Whore and Slut,
Quoth ſhe, youl neuer leaue your brawling but
But what quoth he? quoth ſhe, the poſt or doore
For you haue hornes to but, if Ime a whore.

Epigrams.

An Epigram.

he Shopmen gallant goe, and Spruse they are,
nd giue their workemen what they list for ware
hey drinke good wine, they feed vpon Anchoues
ves non vobis, fertis aratra boues.

An Epigram.

hen I in presse saw these things, not long since
udgd they had beene tried by the bench;
r if the Iury once had gone vpon them,
se they'd bin hangd or burnd, what had come
(on them.

To *G. P.*

hee you your selfe did breake, you cunning are
oozning your kindred thus with broken ware.

To *M. P.*

e yeeres I was a Seruant vnto thee,
d I seru'd one yeere more I had beene free.
t since you got me once vpon the hip,
turnd me off, before my Prentiship,

Epigrammes.

An Epigram.

Cinna loued *Rosa* well, thinking her pure,
And was not quiet till he made her sure,
She married yet another, but the end
Is this; she's *Chinnaes* wife, the others friend.

To certaine Academians.

You that so many precious houres loose,
Fall close vnto my studie; let your Muse
Tainke vpon nought but goodnesse starue & pine
Before an houre passe without a line.
For euen as the Riuer ebs and flowes,
This trash and earthly treasure comes and goes,
But learning lasts vntill the day of Doome,
Sea cannot sinke it, nor fire it consume.
What if thy friends, thee meat nor money send?
Spend thy time well, thou hast enough to spend.
What if thou beest by chance in prison cast?
Mongst those that are in want, thou'lt find a wit
Nay one may come, thy face that ne'r did see,
And set thee out, as one deliuer'd me.

If euer that Dame nature,
For this falſe Louers ſake,
Another pleaſing creature,
Like vnto her would make;
Let her remember this,
To make the other true,
For this alaſſe hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raiſe me,
No want makes me deſpaire,
No miſerie amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I haue loſt a world it ſelfe,
My earthly heauen adue,
Since ſhee alas hath left me.
Falero, lero, loo.

To his Loue fearing a Corriuall.

THe poyſonous Spider and the laboring Bee,
The one and ſelfeſame flower daily ſuckes;
t yet in nature much they diſagree,
r poyſon one, the other honie pluckes.
You are the flower (you know my meaning (he
The poyſonous Spider is, and I the Bee.

if you like that ſwelling creature beſt
oſe onely trap can but inſnare a flie;
leaue my writing, and I'le liue in reſt,
ill another Loue can like my eie.
ut, if you leaning me, me none can pleaſe,
le lingring liue in paine, I'le pine in eaſe.

the Bee, if thou wilt be the Hiue,
rein no blacke nor poiſonous moiſture lies;
e a painfull Bee, I'le daily ſtriue,
e to returne to thee with loaden thighes:
nd in the winter, when all flowers periſh,
he hiue the Bee, the Bee the hiue ſhall cheriſh.

Tis

Tis not your fringe, your gloues, your bands you
Your gold, your fathers goods that I desire; (lac
But tis your golden haire, your comely face,
Tis that, O that, that sets my heart on fire: (bu
Your hands, your heart, your loue, your comel
Makes me forget my selfe, remembring you.

O that I were a Hat for such a Head!
O that I were a Gloue for such a Hand!
O that I were your Sheets within your Bed!
O that I were your shoo whereon you stand!
To be your very smocke! I'de daily seeke,
So that you would not shift me once a weeke.

Ann

Another to his Loue, ſeeing her walke in twilight.

THe deepeſt waters haue the ſmootheſt looke,
The faireſt ſhirt may hide the foulеſt skin;
ad liues are often writ in gilded bookes,
iew not the out-ſide then, but looke within:
Trie ere you truſt, and if all things be true,
Locke hands in hands, and ſeeke not for a new.

uſt confeſſe and will, I am but poore,
rith I am in loue, perhaps you know:
t if you to ſome higher region ſoate,
ſdaining for to take your flight ſo low,
Take heed leſt by ſome vehemencie of weather,
ou chance to burne ſome, or ſcorch ſome other.

t tell me ſweete, if that thy mind be ſet
on ſome other man; or if you know,
hat thing this Loue ſhould be, if not as yet,
teach you what a thing is loue; O no:
What thing is loue? how can you learne of mee,
When firſt I learn'd to loue by ſeeing thee?

The

The prettie winding of thy comely head,
The decent rowling of thy liuely eye,
Thy tender Lilly hand, hath ſtrucke me dead,
Without a touch. No what is Loue? 'Tis I,
'Tis you, 'tis you, 'tis both together, (hither.
You loue, I loue, both loues, ſweete loue, come

I caſt an eye vpon you yeſter-night,
But *Phœbus* Horſes went too great a pace,
Vnwilling to afford me ſo much light,
Wherein I plainely might diſcerne your face:
In ſpight of *Phœbus*, nay in ſpight of you, (true.
I'le looke, I'le loue, 'tis ſomewhat ſtrange, but

Deſiring

Desiring an answer from *his Loue.*

IF that I am vnworthy of your loue,
Let me be worthy of your answer yet,
That I may know whether I must remoue
My deare affection from you now, and set
My mind vpon my bookes, which now I feare
I spend in Loue-toyes and am ne't the neere.

Prethee, sweete Loue, some pretty thing indite,
Let those thy pretty fingers hold a Pen;
Vpon some pretty piece of paper write,
Nature made Maidens pretty, and not men.
What *Midas* toucht was gold; you are so witty
That what you write, or touch, or do, tis pretty.

If you want Paper, Paper will I send you,
If you want Inke, Ile likewise send you Inke;
If that you want a Pen, a pen Ile send you,
What ere you want, if that I can but thinke:
What tis, I'de freely giue it to you, so
You would but send an answere, I, or no.

I doe not write to thee for hope of gaines;
But onely for to gaine thy love, ſo then
I prethee *Roſa* take a little paines;
Once more I prethee *Roſa* hold a Pen:
I long to heare from thee, I faine would know,
An anſwere from thee quickly, I, or no.

If it be I, then *Roſa* thou art mine,
Then wil we ſpend our youthfull daies in pleaſure;
If it be No, yet *Roſa* am I thine:
What ere thy anſwer is, thou art my treaſure.
If that (ſweet hart) youl'd know the reaſon why,
It is becauſe a Maidens No, is I.

An Answer to her Answer.

SWeet Mistris *Rosa*, for whose onely sake
I'de run through fire and water, nay I'de make
A iourney through the dangerous vncouth places
I'de measure all the world with weary paces
To doe you good: nay more, I'de lose my heart,
Rather then haue your little finger smart:
But when you chance to read the same, I flatter,
You then will say; but oh, it is no matter,
Mocke, flout, neglect, disdaine, spit, spite, contemne
I needes must loue my earthly Diadem.
I flouted others once in misery,
But other men may now well flout at me;
This is that drie and cursed punishment,
Which all the Gods aboue to me haue sent
For all my faults. O see with pitty see,
Sweete Loue, thy Loue in wofull misery,
Whose eyes ne'r sleepe, whose fancie still is doing,
Since that he knew what did belong to wooing:
Thou art the *Glotho* that hath spun my thred,
By which I seeme to liue, but yet am dead.
But prethee *Rosa*, if thou'lt stop my breath,
Kill quicke, let me not liue a lingring death:
Pitty, pitty, pitty, pitty, pitty.
Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty,
Sweete, golden, lilly, liuely, tender maide.
Looke, like, liue, loue me well, and I am made.

T

To his second Loue.

Twixt hope and feare, I feare (sweet loue) I liue
Thinking my heart was giuen long agoe;
Being one man ha's but one heart to giue,
How can you looke for mine, yet thinke not so?
But trie me, trust me, and sweet heart, you'l see,
I haue a heart that's onely kept for thee.

Misdoubt me not, although I lou'd before,
Misdoubt me not, but I lou'd faithfully;
Experience makes me now loue ten times more,
I haue my lesson now without booke, I:
When first I loud, I was a fondling foole,
Now I am a Captaine made in *Cupids* schoole.

You smilde on me, but if youle smile no more,
What will those men that know me now surmise
Being I was forsaken once before,
Theyle think me hatefull in a Maidens eyes:
Theyle thinke all hate me, or suppose indeed,
I onely came to woo, but not to speed.

O how much am I bound to Nature now,
For making thee, that doſt ſo farre excell
Her whom I thought excell'd all others ? how
Am I bound to Nature prethee tell.
The difference twixt my firſt loue, and you
Is this, ſhee's faire and falſe, thou faire and true

Miſdoubt me not, for by the Heauens aboue,
Thou ſhalt not finde me with a double tongue;
For if I am the man thou canſt not loue,
I am the man that will doe thee no wrong.
For if I ſpeake by thee but any euill,
Count me no more a Man, count me a Diuell.

Of the burning of his Letter.

Like as the Moth about the candle flies,
Hoping to haue ſome comfort from the light,
Scoreheth her wings, and on a ſodden lies
Panting vpon the ground, or burned quite.
So I ſtill hoping thee ſweete heart, to moue,
Conſume my ſelfe in burning flames of loue.

Alas, alas, thy beauty ſhines ſo bright,
It duls and dazels all that doe come nie thee,
This is the cauſe I neuer come, but write.
Without an Eagles eye, how dare I eye thee?
Cupid is blinde; then I in louing thee,
And looking too, ſhould be more blind then he.

Why doe I ſigh, and ſob, and broyle, and burne?
Why doe I ſeeke to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame?
Letters, nor loue, nor lookes, thy heart can turne.
Why doe I then make loue my onely theame?
I loue, you hate, I write; bnt what the better?
I burne in loue, and you doe burne my letter.

Poore harmeleſſe verſes, what did ye commit?
Hard-hearted *Flora*, how did they offend thee?
More verſes haue I made for thee, but yet (tha
Ile ſweare thou ſhalt not burne the next Ile ſend
Burning's too baſe a death, therefore the reſt,
If they deſire to die, they ſhall be preſt.

Master *Johnsons* answer to Master *Withers*.

Withers.

SHall I wasting in despaire,
Die because a womans faire,
Or my cheekes make pale with care,
Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be she fairer then the day,
Or the flowry Meades in *May*,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire she be?

Iohnson.

Shall I mine affections slacke,
Cause I see a womans blacke,
Or my selfe with care cast downe,
Cause I see a woman browne?
Be she blacker then the night,
Or the blackest Iet in sight,
If shee bee not so to mee,
What care I how blacke shee bee?

Withers.

Shall my fooliſh heart be pinde,
'Cauſe I ſee a womans kinde,
Or a well diſpoſed nature
Ioyned in a comely feature?
Be ſhee kinde or meeker than
Turtle Doue or Pelican;
If ſhee be not ſo to me,
What care I how kind ſhee be?

Iohnſon.

Shall my fooliſh heart be burſt,
Cauſe I ſee a woman's curſt,
Or a thwarting hoggiſh nature
Ioyned in as bad a feature?
Be ſhe curſt or fiercer then
Brutiſh Beaſt, or ſauage Men:
If ſhee be not ſo to me,
What care I how curſt ſhee be?

Withers.

Shall a womans vertues make
Me to periſh for her ſake,
Or her merits value knowne,
Make me quite forget my owne?
Be ſhe with that goodneſſe bleſt,
That may merit name of beſt:
If ſhee ſeeme not ſo to me,
What care I how good ſhee be?

Iohnſon

Iohnſon.

Shall a womans vices make
Me her vices quite forſake,
Or her faults to me made knowne,
Make me thinke that I haue none?
Be ſhe of the moſt accurſt,
And deſerue the name of worſt:
If ſhe be not ſo to me,
What care I how bad ſhe be?

Withers.

'Cauſe her fortunes ſeeme too high,
Should I play the foole and die?
He that beares a noble mind,
If not outward helpe hee find,
Think what with them he would do,
That without them dares to woo.
And vnleſſe that mind I ſee,
What care I how great ſhe bee?

Iohnſon.

'Cauſe her fortunes ſeemes too low,
Shall I therefore let her goe?
He that beares an humble mind,
And with riches can be kind,
Thinke how kind a heart he'd haue,
If he were ſome ſeruile ſlaue.
And if that ſame minde I ſee,
What care I how poore ſhe bee?

W

Withers.

Great, or good, or kind, or faire
I will ne'r the more dispaire,
If shee loue me, then beleeue
I will die, ere she shall grieue:
If she slight me, when I woo,
I can slight and bid her go:
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom shee be?

Iohnson.

Poore, or bad, or curst, or blacke,
I will ne'r the more be slacke,
If she hate me, then beleeue,
She shall die, ere I will grieue:
If she like me when I woo,
I can like and loue her too:
If that she be fit for me,
What care I what others be?

To the Reader.

IT is a common custome now adayes,
For one to write vpon anothers prayse:
But I no Trumpet sticke, no sound of Drumme,
No man for me shall make Encomiums:
Their Verses cannot make these Verses better,
They will not mend a sillable, a line, a letter.

The

The Cryes of Ludgate.

NOble King *Lud*, long here haſt thou ſtood,
Not framed of wood,
But of ſtones;
Stones ſure thou art, like our Creditors heart,
Which cares not a———
For our grones,
Within thy gates, the crie at thy grates,
Though it moues the States of this Citie:
Our calling, our bawling, or yawling it moues no
Our Creditors hearts vnto pittie:
In caps, and in Coats, with ſorrowfull notes,
And tearing our throates
For reliefe,
Good Sir, we crie, with a Box hanging by.
Heer's a hundred that lie
Full of griefe.
The Gallants ride on, and ne'r think vpon
Our pittifull mone
Which we make: (Coache
But rumbling, and tumbling, and iumbling the
The ſtones in the ſtreets they doe ſhake.

Me

Marchants that goe by the gate to and fro,
Their hearts at our woe,
Seemes to shake,
Thinking what crosses, what griefe, & what losses,
When their Carackes to Seas
They take.
These men are best, remorse in their breast
Doth harbour and rest
To the needie,
They roundly, profoundly, and soundly are giuing
As if they to free them were greedie.
Others passe by, and cast vp an eie
Vpon that crie,
In disdaine,
Saying, that we all quickly would be,
Know we were free, here againe.
Let them take heed, that mocke vs indeed,
And thus at our need goe by grinning, (ding,
'Tis so man, that no man, can know man his en-
Though well he may know his beginning.

The

The Song of the Begger.

I Am a Rogue and a ſtout one,
A moſt couragious drinker,
I doe excell, 'tis knowne full well,
The Ratter, Tom, and Tinker.
Still do I cry, good your Worſhip, good Sir,
Beſtow one ſmall Denire Sir,
And bravely then at the bouſing Ken,
Ile bouſe it all in Beere Sir.

If a Bung be got by the hie Law,
Then ſtraight I doe attend them,
For if Hue and Crie doe follow I,
A wrong way ſoone doe ſend them.
Still doe I cry, &c.

Ten miles vnto a Market,
I runne to meet a Miſer,
Then in a throng, I nip his Bung,
And the partie ne'r the wiſer.
Still doe I cry, &c.

My daintie Dals, my Doxis,
When ere they ſee me lacking,
Without delay poore wretches they,
Will ſet their Duds a packing.
Still doe I cry, &c.

I pay for what I call for,
And so perforce it must be,
For as yet I can, not know the man,
Nor Oastis that will trust me.
Still doe I cry, &c.

If any giue me lodging,
A courteous Knaue they find me,
For in their bed, aliue or dead,
Ieaue some Lice behind me.
Still doe I cry, &c.

If a Gentrie Coe be comming,
Then straight it is our fashion,
My Legge I tie, close to my thigh,
And moue him to compassion.
Still doe I cry, &c.

My doublet sleeue hangs emptie,
And for to begge the bolder,
For meate and drinke, mine arme I shrinke
Close vnto my shoulder.
Still doe I cry, &c.

If Coach I heare be rumbling,
I by Crutches then I hie me.
Seeing lame, it is a shame,
That Gallants should denie me.
Still doe I cry, &c.

With

The Song of the Begger.

With a seeming burſten belly,
I looke like one halfe dead Sir,
Or elſe I beg with a woodden legge,
And a Night-cap on my head Sir.
Still doe I cry, &c.

In Winter time ſtarke naked.
I come into ſome Citie,
Then euery man that ſpare them can,
Will giue me clothes for pittie.
Still doe I cry, &c.

If from out the Low-countrie,
I heare a Captaines name Sir,
Then ſtrait I ſweare I haue bin there,
And ſo in fight came lame Sir.
Still doe I cry, &c.

My Dogge in a ſtring doth lead me,
When in the Towne I goe Sir,
For to the blind, all men are kind,
And will their Almes beſtow Sir,
Still doe I cry, &c.

With Switches ſometimes ſtand I,
In the bottome of a Hill Sir,
There thoſe men which doe want a Switch.
Some monie giue me ſtill Sir.
Still doe I cry, &c.

Come buy, come buy a Horne-booke,
Who buyes my Pins or Needles?
In Cities I these things doe crie,
Oft times to scape the Beadles.
Still doe I cry, &c.

In *Pauls* Church by a Pillar,
Sometimes you see me stand Sir.
With a Writ that shewes, what care and woes,
I past by Sea and Land Sir.
Still doe I cry, &c.

Now blame me not for boasting,
And bragging thus alone Sir,
For my selfe I will be praysing still,
For Neighbours have I none Sir.
Which makes me cry good your Worship, good Sir,
Bestow on small Denire Sir,
And bravely then in the Bousing Ken,
Ile bouse it all in Beere Sir.

FINIS.